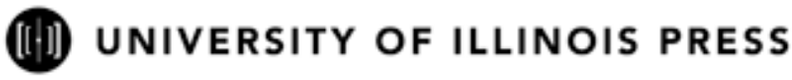

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MUSIC AND THE MUSICIAN IN THE WORKS OF KNUT HAMSUN

DOLORES BUTTRY

KNUT Hamsun's personality was many-faceted; he addressed himself to many causes with equal intensity. To some he represents the conservative at war with his century; the polemical passages in his works which attack the evils of modern life and contrast the peaceful, self-sufficient tilling of the soil of an earlier age are legion. To some he represents the autodidactic critic of formal education; and to many he is the champion of the alienated individual and the psychological innovator of a new kind of literature. Few would think of him in connection with music or the problems of musicians. Knut Hamsun was, after all, not a practicing musician and never had any musical training at all—to his great regret, according to his son, Tore. Nevertheless, his preoccupation with the problems of the artist was a constant factor throughout his production, and some of the most important of his artist figures are musicians.

Although he had no technical knowledge of music whatsoever, Hamsun's love of the art was nevertheless (or correspondingly) intense. He was particularly susceptible to melody. Whoever doubts that his very essence was musical need only look at the form in which he clothed his ideas. His musicality manifests itself in his flowing, rhythmic style and in the sheer aural beauty of his vocabulary. His only collection of poems, *Det vilde kor* is, as the title suggests, of an aural nature.

Hamsun's musical nature comes to expression most often in his descriptions of nature and of euphoric conditions—be they caused by love, drugs, or the beauty of nature. Many of his statements concerning art in general are symbolic; they flow unhindered from the subconscious and reveal Hamsun's affinity for, and susceptibility to, sound. The dual purpose of this essay is to point out the importance of music to Hamsun and its constant coupling with the experience of cosmic unity experienced in nature, and to present a portrait in broad strokes of the musician in Hamsun's works.

It is not surprising that Hamsun, untutored in music as he was,

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does not give us descriptions of his musicians' works such as we find in Thomas Mann. Where we have more than mere mention of musical activity, for example, in describing the composer Holmsen's reception of inspiration, we see that the phenomenon of creation is described in exactly the same terms as for Hamsun's poet figures and, indeed, in the same terms as Hamsun described his own experience. With all the passion of the autodidact, Hamsun places himself in the dilemma of his musician figures. They suffer, as do his poets and painters, but unique among them is a small subgroup freed from the alienation forced upon the artist by the muse: that subgroup consists of a few singers of natural talent. Vocal music must be necessarily preferred by a man who eschews artifice and prizes nature above all. For Knut Hamsun, music is a part of nature.

* * *

The fabric of the poem collection, *Det vilde kor,* is woven from the strands of music, nature, and love. Like James Joyce's *Chamber Music,* the collection is a panorama of sound. The titles of many poems indicate the preoccupation with song: "Sangen i Skoge," "Højsang," "Tora Synger" (possibly inspired by Hamsun's mother, Tora, who had a fine singing voice), "Kvannelederskernes Sang," and "Gangspilsvise." Others have titles conjuring up other kinds of music: "Violoncel," "Lad Spille med Vaar over Jorden," "Ungt Spil," "Tonen," and "Basun." Few poems make no reference to music or to sounds in nature. The poem "Violoncel" is an example of music evoking a mood—at least in the poet's mind. No cello is mentioned in the poem, nor is music at all. The poem is a melancholy remembrance of lost love, and the fact that Hamsun gave the title "Violoncel" to this poem can only be explained by the mood which he believed the sound of that instrument could create. The poem "Borte" illustrates the power of music to conjure up memories:

> Her slaar i Hotellets Gade
> en Sanger sin Mandolin.
> Jeg kender et Minde stige:
> du er som den Serenade
> saa sød og skælvende fin.[1]

Sometimes music serves to express the attitude of the frustrated rebel in the world ("jeg synger Gud en visestump og Satan en

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Koral'' in ''Til Frøken S'') or the elusiveness of any ideal (''Det tar til at synge igen en Sang, / jeg stirrer tilvejrs mod dens sporløse Gang / og finder den ikke—o nej'' from ''Hvad ved vi''). Most often, however, nature and music are inseparably blended; nature's processes and rhythms are thought of in musical terms. In the second of the ''Feberdigte'' we read that ''alting forgaar i Forgængelsens Kor'' and in the tenth that ''Ødets Orgel bruser til den sidste lange Mæsse''—by no means the first or last time that the organ is used as a symbol in connection with nature, art, or infinity. In some of the poems the experiences of Nagel, Glahn, and the wanderer are expressed. Not only is nature's pulse perceived in musical terms, but the narrator adds his voice to the harmonious whole and becomes one with nature and music. In ''Lad Spille med Vaar over Jorden'' the poet hears nature's music: ''Jeg lister i Marken / og lytter mig til / et sært og skælvende / Foraarets Spil'' and becomes a part of it in the last verse: ''Lad spille med Vaar over Jorden! / Og ind i den store Naturens Musik / der nynner en Lyd fra mit Hjærte.'' The same thought is expressed in the poem ''Hvad suser i Natten'': ''Jeg lytter til Suset fra Tinder og Dal / og kender min Sjæl klinge ind som en Stræng / i den store Koral.''

But music has more than the power to fuse a personality with nature—it can also break through the limits of the physical world. In ''Abdullahs Haab'' the Mohammedan had mused of Paradise, ''Der synger Musik i Kilderne der'' and in the poem ''Basun'' music brings on a cosmic experience: ''Jeg retter dens Tud imod Vesterled / og blæser en ilende Node. / Jeg blæser til Himlen, min Sjæl følger med, / den flyver og finder sig frem / mellem Klode paa Klode.'' The next verse begins ''Der kommer imod mig Orkaner af Lys, / jeg flyder i Bølgen og svømmer. / Og Stjærnerne farer forbi mig som Gys . . .'' The words ''Orkaner af Lys'' call to mind the ecstatic hallucinations which hunger bestowed upon the hero of *Sult*—the same expression is used. The experience of floating among the stars was common to Nagel and to Glahn. Here it is induced by music. The word ''Bølgen'' immediately evokes the inspiration phenomenon—we shall see that the composer Holmsen received his great opera as a gift from the ''wave'' which swept over him, as it had swept over the eponymous Bjørger (1879) so many years before. The poem ''Basun'' may thus be considered a description of Hamsun's flights of imagination. Of all the poems in *Det vilde kor,* however, the poem ''Tonen'' is the most obvious

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metaphor for poetic activity. It is certainly not original that Hamsun should consider his gift in musical metaphor, but it is significant, and appropriate to his production. The poem is quoted in its entirety:

Der synger i mig en Tone,
den kendes saa tung og saa gul af Guld,
jeg selv blir en Herre af Rigdom fuld,
en Konge i Kaabe og Krone.

Staar Natten stum mod min Rude
da synger den Guldlyd igennem mit Sind,
den slynger min Tanke fra Tind til Tind
til mange Verdner derude.

Den bær mig til andre Kloder,
hvor Stjærnerne svømmer som Ø efter Ø.
Det er som mit Hjærte af Lykke skal dø
til lange, brusende Noder.

This poem gives eloquent and direct expression to Hamsun's perception of his own gift. For musician *or* poet, association with the muse is a risky business. The "gift" is not only golden, but "tung"—it can often be a curse. The escapism inherent in artistic activity is clear: when night is darkest, the music offers flight to other and better worlds. Once again, as in "Basun," the music is combined with stars; in Hamsun's early prose works as well, music is the means—or sometimes the result—of cosmic escape.

The combination of stars and music runs through Hamsun's early works. Nagel, in describing an opium "rus" says: "Jeg hørte musik fra stjærnerne og rummet omkring mig gynget op og ned av melodier."[2] Glahn has an ecstatic vision in the woods and likewise hears "musik fra stjærnerne" (*Pan, SV,* II, 338). In *Den siste glæde* the wanderer describes in a poem what he found in "en skog av sølv": "Her hviler en sang i flimmer og flor / som sunget istand av et stjærnekor" (*SV,* VII, 20).

Music is an essential element in the experience of unity with the universe which Nagel experiences in the forest: "Hver nerve i ham var våken, han fornam musik i sit blod, følte sig beslægtet med hele naturen . . . Hans sjæl blev stor og fuldtonende som et orgel inde i ham og aldrig glemte han hvorledes den milde musik likefrem gled op og ned i hans blod" (*M, SV,* I, 184). When he sees himself up in the sea of heaven he not only fished with silver hooks but "sang

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dertil'' (ibid., 183). Shortly after that experience, Nagel finds himself in the company of others and tells of one of his most beautiful experiences: he was on a boat in the Mediterranean Sea and was on deck listening to a Sardinian choir sing in the salon below:

> Jeg skal aldrig glemme hvor det lydde godt i den lumre nat. Jeg trak i smug alle dører til salonen i; tættet sangen inde, så å si, og så var det som lyden kom fra havbunden, ja som om skibet skulde gå ind i evigheten med brusende musik. Tænk Dem noget i retning av et hav fuldt av sang, et underjordisk kor. [*M, SV,* I, 189]

Sound leads to a mystical union with nature. As early as 1936, in his dissertation *Der junge Hamsun,* Hubert Reinartz stressed the Norwegian's ''musikalisches Naturerleben''[3] and pointed out that Nagel experienced the ''music'' in his blood prior to his nature experience. Music was the catalyst: ''Dieser Musik entspringt nun das Gefühl der Verwandtschaft mit der Natur'' (Reinartz, p. 11). Glahn listens to the ''Klangwelt der Natur'' (ibid., 12). From the description of Nagel's mystical experience in the forest, Reinartz concludes: ''Musik aber liegt nicht nur in des jungen Hamsun Sätzen, er trägt sie auch in sich . . . In der Tiefe seines Erlebens ist Hamsun hier Musiker'' (ibid., 11)—here, as elsewhere. Music, love, and nature—those were the strings upon which Hamsun performed his compositions. In *Victoria* love is defined as ''en helvedeshet musik'' (*SV,* III, 105). Sound evokes Hamsun's trinity of life's essentials. The wanderer, listening to nature's ''sus'' expresses Hamsun's hierarchy: ''Jeg blir svak av å sitte og lytte, erindringer vælder op i mig fra mit liv, tusen glæder, musik og øine og blomster'' (*En vandrer spiller med sordin, SV,* V, 423)—music, love, and nature. The combination appears again in *Siste kapitel* where Hamsun's *porte-parole* Abel criticizes his brother Frank's proposed dissertation: ''Var det noget med blod i, kunstgjødsel, bud fra stjernerne, dypshavsfisk, musik, middle mot lus på roserne—var det nogetsomhelst med kjærlighet og røde kinder?'' (*SV,* IX, 80). Sometimes cause, sometimes effect, music was an essential ingredient in Hamsun's character, artistic production, and love of nature.

* * *

Knut Hamsun's portrayal of the musician is not in any way original, but rather follows Romantic stereotypes. It is significant that Hamsun himself preferred Romantic music; his favorite com-

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posers were Schumann, Schubert, and Grieg. Nagel in *Mysterier* is, fittingly enough, a devotee of Wagner, and besides Schubert and Grieg, Hamsun mentions Brahms, Beethoven, Sibelius, Tchaikovsky, Haydn and Mozart in his novels.

Music is inextricably bound to Hamsun's own artistic endeavor—the problems of poet and musician are the same. Probably the most striking of Hamsun's symbolic statements on art is the short story "Hemmelig Ve," which describes a never-ending duel between a practical self and an artistic self. It is entirely appropriate that the story should begin with the hero trying to copy music. However, he cannot *read* music, and the act of copying it understandably causes him extraordinary frustration. The music serves as manifestation of the artistic ideal, and the failure of the would-be copyist represents the inevitable frustration of all who strive to reach the ideal. It must not be forgotten that even the starving poet of *Sult* was a musician as well—at least he used to buy music from Cisler in "better days." In Johannes Møller's dream, the predicament of the artist is likewise represented by music: "Langt borte, alene og efterglemt står et orgel og spiller. Han går det nærmere, han undersøker det, orglet blør, det rinder blod ut av dets ene side mens det spiller" (*Victoria, SV,* III, 122).

The bleeding musical instrument is perhaps a symbol for the most striking feature which Hamsun's instrumental musicians have in common: their alienation in the human community. Whether the alienation from which they suffer causes them to seek refuge in art in the form of music, or whether their artistic natures have predestined them to alienation, is a question that cannot be answered. Nevertheless, the central problem in the lives of the violinist Nagel of *Mysterier* and the cellist Bårdsen of *Segelfoss by* is their position of lonely outsider. When the latter is introduced in *Børn av tiden,* his strangeness is emphasized: "Telegrafist Bårdsen var en mærkelig kar, han sat og spilte på en næsten sort, storttonende cello" (*SV,* VI, 167) . . . ingen kjendte ham, han hadde ikke gjort visit hos nogen" (ibid., 183). To the people of Segelfoss, the alcoholic Bårdsen seems as foreign as Nagel does to the inhabitants of the small coastal town. Bårdsen's isolation is made all the more striking by his attitude toward his cello. To him it is alive; he says: "Den er mig . . . som et lite menneske" (*SB, SV,* VI, 278) and just to be sure his point is driven home, Hamsun has the cellist repeat a few pages later, "Denne gamle Cello er et menneske" (ibid., 293). It

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would never have occurred to the starving Bårdsen to save his life by selling his valuable instrument, but he is careful to deposit it at the Segelfoss mansion before his death: "Likeens var Bårdsen på sin side en mand som ikke solgte sin cello, men derimot skjænket den bort til hvem han vilde—skjænket den dit hvor den vilde få det godt, den gamle, fine cello, farvel!" (ibid., 445). The organist Christensen, with whose violin Nagel amazes the townspeople, has similar feelings about that instrument: "han betragtet den akkurat som et lite menneske, så kjær var den ham" (*M, SV,* I, 312).[4]

Hamsun's gallery of musicians contains only one professional, if we overlook the marginal figure of the violinist Fredriksen in the play *Livet i vold*—and that is the pianist and composer Willatz Holmsen in *Børn av tiden* and *Segelfoss by*. Like the poet Johannes of *Victoria,* he is successful at making a living from his art. But Hamsun's talented amateurs are conspicuous by their unhappy lives. The guitarist Ove Rolandsen of *Sværmere* seeks solace in drink, as does his counterpart Bårdsen; the pianist Alvhild Hagen in *Men livet lever* commits suicide, as does Nagel. Adelheid Holmsen very likely dies by her own hand, and Bårdsen's starvation—after an unsuccessful attempt to stab himself to death—may be considered a passive suicide. Very few of the instrumental musicians are successful at creating one single human tie. They stand outside, and must console themselves with their music; it is only natural that their instrument even becomes a human being to them.

* * *

Tragically, these musicians are not only alienated from their fellow men; they are also alienated from their muse. Hamsun's instrumentalists struggle unsuccessfully to induce inspiration in themselves and to do justice to their own ideals. The impossibility of attaining the heights they perceive in their minds causes them to fall into limitless disillusion. Nagel's disappointment in his art is illustrated by his reluctance to play, his dissatisfaction with his performance, his denials of being a musician at all, and, symbolically, by the contents of his violin case. To Dr. Stenersen he claims: "Jeg spiller ikke, slet ikke; jeg trækker en violinkasse med, men det er ikke engang en violin i den, kassen er fuld av skittentøi desværre" (*SV,* I, 187). In order to emphasize Nagel's negative attitude toward art and music, Hamsun lets him relate another event of symbolic significance:

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> Men nu fortalte han hvorledes det var gåt ham den første og eneste gang hans spil var blit offentlig omtalt; det var næsten som et symbol deri. Han hadde fåt avisen om kvælden og nytt den på sengen; han var meget ung dengang, han bodde hjemme og det var en lokalavis som hadde anmælt ham. Å hvor han hadde været lykkelig for den avis! Han læste den mange ganger og faldt i søvn uten å slukke lysene. Om natten våknet han og var dødtræt endnu, lysene var brændt ut, det var mørkt i hans rum; men han skimtet noget hvitt på gulvet, og da han visste at det var en hvit spytbakke i hans værelse tænkte han: dette skal du se er den spytbakken! Det var skam å si det, men så spyttet han og han hørte at det traf. Og da det traf så utmærket den første gang spyttet han en gang til og traf. Så la han sig til å sove igjen. Men om morgningen så han jo at det var den dyrebare avis han hadde spyttet på, den meget velvillige offentlige mening om ham som han hadde spyttet på . . . det var meget sørgelig. [*SV*, I, 359–360]

The fact that the critique of Nagel's playing was positive does not ease his self-contempt. He cannot attain his own ideal, and is not comforted by the praise of others who are unacquainted with the muse. When the surprised townspeople praise his playing, he replies: "Hvis De visste hvor det var forlorent, hvor det var lite ægte! . . . hans spil var komedie og humbug, fuldt av simpel effekt; man skulde bare vite hvor lite godt det var! De dobbelte fingersætninger var falske, jo de allerfleste var en smule falske" (ibid., 314). Bårdsen is equally demanding of himself. When Willatz Holmsen tells him, "De dyrker selv kunsten. Jeg husker nok Deres deilige Cellospil," we read that "Bårdsen kastet et blik på sit instrument, men vendte straks hodet" (*SV*, VI, 277). The music is far greater than the musician, and Nagel and Bårdsen, like Hamsun himself, will never be good enough to satisfy their own inner demands.

Hamsun subscribed to the Romantic theory that inspiration comes upon the artist from above. Even the successful composer Holmsen is unable to force his muse to appear. At last, after Holmsen's agonizing months of sterility, the muse sends a stream of inspiration, but all in her own time and of her chosen duration. The experience Holmsen undergoes is precisely that of Hamsun himself, of his poets (Bjørger, the hero of *Sult*, and Johannes), and of the painter in "Solens sønn." All receive inspiration during the night. When still an adolescent, Hamsun had used the word "bølgen" to describe the inspiration flooding Bjørger's mind and spilling out through his pen. The same word is used to describe how inspiration "streams" into the composer Holmsen and how music "streams" out of him:

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> Bølgen tok ham! Det var kvæld, men det blev solopgang for hans øine, himlen begyndte å øse guld ut og jorden rødmet under den. Bølgen, bølgen! . . . Det strømmer og strømmer av et overfyldt sind, vedblir å strømme; han sitter som en blind og mottar det utefra, han skriver det ned i lys. Skriver, skriver, skriver. Stundom hugger han en hånd i flyglet, skriver igjen, klynker med, får kvalme og spytter ut, skriver. Det varer, timer går, å de timer med bølgen! . . . Operaen, o Gud, mesterværket!
>
> [*Segelfoss by, SV,* VI, 394–395]

The "wave" continues to flow down over him fitfully during the next few days until it "glidde . . . langsomt bort" (ibid.). The muse had come to him when he was in the depths of despair; suddenly she provided the key: "Fra den dypeste goldhet og fornedrelse på hodet ind i herligheten! Han undfanget og formet i et langt sprang" (ibid.). Holmsen's experience is identical to that of the autobiographical hero of *Sult,* who also awakens to receive the gift:

> Det var som en åre var sprunget i mig, det ene ord følger efter det andre, ordner sig i sammenhæng . . . Jeg skriver som en besat og fylder den ene side efter den andre uten et øiebliks pause. Tankerne kommer så pludselig på mig og vedblir å strømme så rikelig at jeg mister en masse biting som jeg ikke hurtig nok får skrevet ned skjønt jeg arbeider av alle kræfter. Det fortsætter å trænge ind på mig, jeg er fyldt av mit stof og hvert ord jeg skriver blir lagt mig i munden. [*SV,* I, 26–27]

That Hamsun is describing his own experience is clear from the letter of Dec. 27, 1908 which Hamsun wrote to his German translator, Heinrich Göbel: "Jeg har—i gode Øjeblikke—været ude for, at jeg slet ikke faar et Vers færdig, før det næste strømmer paa, jeg maa da springe det halvfærdige Vers over og begynde paa et nyt længer nede paa Papiret, ja ofte staar der blot en løs Linje hist og her, som ikke har fulgt med den store Strøm."[5] Hamsun, the poet, has described the musician's reception of inspiration in terms which corresponded to his experience as a poet. When he described a painter receiving inspiration, the essentials are the same: a compelling wave from the outside. But even more significant is the fact that the painter in the short story "Solens sønn" experiences his inspiration in musical terms: the impetus for his creation is sound—the sound of a "sus" in the air which announced the end of winter and the advent of warm weather: "Dette sus i luften gjennemstrømmet ham som musik" (*SV,* IV, 17). For Hamsun's musicians as well as his other creative artists, inspiration is a sudden reception of a "stream" from without.

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The musical gift may be seen as a curse. The virtuosity of some musicians seems diabolic to the listeners. In *Landstrykere* August plays the accordion with such ease and talent that the Poldeners are amazed—apparently he has never had formal training: "Fra nu av så alle med andre øine på ham, ja han blev ikke helt uten mystik for dem . . . Hvor hadde han lært kunsten? Kanske på en usædvanlig måte, kanske av selve mørkets fyrste" (*SV,* X, 36). Nagel's playing similarly conjures up otherworldly impressions: "Han la hodet helt på siden, alt så næsten mystisk ut . . . denne vilde fingerfærdighet . . . forvirret alle mennesker og bragte dem forestillinger om en trollmand" (*M, SV,* I, 313). After playing a wild combination of snatches of works,[6] including a Hungarian dance by Brahms, Nagel breaks the spell he has woven about his listeners: "Men efter fire fem minutters forløp gjorde han pludselig nogen gruelige strøk, et desperat hyl, en jammerlyd så umulig, så oprørende at ingen visste længer hvor det bar hen; tre fire strøk gjorde han av denne sort og holdt med en gang op. Han tok violinen ned fra haken og stanset" (ibid.). When asked why he ended with cacophony, he replied: "Jeg vilde træde en djævel på halen" (p. 314). Perhaps it was the chasm between the ideal and reality which caused his despair: the artistic Nagel has spent much time and effort attempting to find an entrance into secure bourgeois life of the community, yet his playing has thrown him back into the prison of his individuality.

In any case, the dichotomy between art and life is very much in evidence in the lives of Hamsun's instrumental musicians. However, we do not receive only a negative image of music and musicianship in Hamsun's works. There is a great contrast between the instrumental musicians who are schooled in the craft and the vocal musicians, who are "natural," whose very essence is musical, and whose simple lives lived in close proximity to nature wipe out any separation between art and life. The guitar-playing druggist Holm in *Men livet lever* may be considered a transitional figure. "Han kunde spille gitar—å som en liten mester" (68), but he also sings well, his saving grace. In the tradition of "good" Hamsun figures, he marries a properly fertile woman, prefers life in nature, and is susceptible to nature's music. (It was he who first hears the simple peasant woman Gina i Roten calling her pigs, and perceives the beauty of the sound.) Gina and her husband Karel illustrate Ham-

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sun's "natural" musicians—although unable to read music and unschooled in technique, Karel is able to pick up Holm's guitar and play it at once. When prevailed upon to sing hymns at a benefit, the simple Gina is immune from stage fright, although the only classically trained musician of the lot—the pianist Alvhild Hagen—is so terrified that she balks at going on stage, and records have to be played while she tries to work up her courage. The carefree Lars Falkenberg of *Under høststjernen* has an excellent singing voice, and in the manner of all good Hamsun characters, is content to live on a little farm at the edge of the woods and beget children. It is appropriate that the singer should appear more natural to Hamsun than the instrumentalist, who usually needs some kind of formal training; a certain artifice enters into the music of the instrumentalist, and it is to be expected that he should feel removed from reality.

* * *

The portrayal of the musician in the works of Knut Hamsun is clearly the work of a musical semi-illiterate. We look in vain for descriptions of the musical works, of the products of musicians, such as are found in the works of Thomas Mann. The poet Hamsun transferred the effects of his own word-painting to the world of sound; the conflicts which he underwent as a poet are those which afflict his musicians. The alienation of the artist is paramount, and perhaps the very lack of familiarity endows the musical manifestation of art with a mystical, unearthly quality—where it is not expressly linked with nature. The musician is at the mercy of the muse, and the musical gift is of ambiguous origin. Only Hamsun's vocal musicians escape the dichotomy of art and life: to them music is an unconscious impulse, a natural phenomenon. The preference for vocal music is a predictable impression of a man who was completely ignorant of the musician's craft, but musical in his very essence.

[1] All poems are quoted from *Det vilde kor* (Oslo: Den norske bokklubben, 1968).

[2] *Mysterier, Samlede verker* (Oslo: Gyldendal norsk forlag, 1976), I, 362. In subsequent quotations the volume and page number after *SV* will appear in parentheses after the quotation.

[3] Hubert Reinartz, *Der junge Hamsun* (Berlin: Triltsch & Huther, 1936), p. 8. Further quotations from Reinartz will be identified in the text.

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[4] The starving hero of *Sult* has similar feelings about his pencil—the instrument of his particular art: "Den var næsten som et lite menneske" (*Sult, SV,* I, 16).

[5] Printed in *Knut Hamsun. Artikler 1889–1928* (Oslo: Gyldendal norsk forlag, 1939), p. 95.

[6] Cf. Adelheid Holmsen at the piano, passionately mixing up "sonater, hvirvler, koraler" (*Børn av tiden, SV,* VI, 111).

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